

HYP0-JAB JOURnaL

VOL. IX | BEARE OF IMITATIONS | # 9

What Happens After Death?



Since the dawn of human history, people have wondered

BACK TALK

Dear Hypo-Jab:

I know that this is your first issue, but I wanna say something right now. This god-damn Hypo-Jab bullshit better be a serious, interesting, hard-core, political, arty, romantic magazine with comics, advertisements, free posters/records and not have a cover price for more than Jack-diddly-shit. Got it?!!

Yours Truly B.F.D.U.S.*

*big fat dumb unemployed shithead

Dear B.F.D.U.S.:

Yes Sir!! Your Hypo-Jab journal will be mailed directly to your house along with our **Patented** Chlorine gas filled balloons free with every issue.

ED.

The only time the rock culture was really a totally cohesive society was for a couple of years in the mid-Sixties. Just as it originally developed out of an alienation from the prevailing society, so with its own fragmentation we got more alienated from rock itself with a few exceptions by the day. That's the way it always works—the only way anything good's ever going to happen, any worthwhile change, is if people just get terminally fed up, fed up enough to just say fuck it all and go out and make their own scene. Which is obviously ex-

actly what's happening now, with things like this magazine and everything it represents.

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**HYPOTABBS EDITOR &
CO-EDITOR IN A-1
HARMLESS HUGO, NINE**

FUERA DE ORDEN

LOCAL BAND RATING ROUNDUP

As you can plainly see, we here at Hypo-Jab are very much interested in seeing the eruption and exploitation of local bang, bang, clang, crash, boom, pow bands and as a public service we're going to give the top ten (in order of preference) for the summer of '83:

1. Wife of Sgt. Slaughter
2. Taco Bondage
3. Sex Change Johnny
4. Who's Who of Suckers
5. Enema Water Diaper Fetish
6. Mudples & Chick-o-stix
7. X-Lax
8. Beaver Hunt
9. Band-A.I.D.S
10. Josie & the Pussycats vs. Zombie Robots with Big Fat Butts like Merv Griffin and the One Eyed Dicks

Well there you have it, Hypo-Jabs Top Ten Bands for the Summer of 1983. If your band wasn't mentioned, don't worry, there's still the wintertime roundup right around the corner.

NORFOLK'S CROWNING NEW WAVE JEWEL:

The Club Period



Featuring these exclusives:...

- UNISEX Restrooms
 - INDOOR Rifle RANGE
 - BLIND PHARMACIST on duty, all nite
 - LADIES LOCKUP, lockup your lady AND throw lit matchbooks & ASHTRAYS at her
 - ELECTRO-SHOCK ARCADE-VIDIOTS will luv it!!
 - HIGH-TEST BEER-on tap
- AND MUCH, MUCH, MORE!!



Ask Big Sheba



Dear Big Sheba:

Is it still "PUNK" to wear safety pins in your ears.

Twila Morris

Dear Twila:

Yes and any other appendage or orifice you choose, and lots of 'em too! Listen, just go through your mom's sewing box and grab every safety pin you see (at least 25) and start stickin' 'em through your ears, your nose, your cheeks, your eyelids, your lips and maybe run a few through your goddamn chin too.

B.S.

Dear Big Sheba:

A friend of mine told me that if I shaved my head and eyebrows with a broken coke bottle, I'd be cool. Is he telling the truth?

Confused

Dear Confused:

Yes, just make sure you use the sharpest piece and dip it in piss first.

B.S.

Dear Big Sheba:

We're starting a religious new-wave band called "God's Will" and I was wondering if you could give us pointers on how and where to have our first gig.

Lord Fauntleroy

Dear Fauntleroy:

Sure, and you can even do it at my house. I've got one of 3ft deep swimming pools that I'm sure will hold you and all of your equipment. Just plug in your amps and take a dive.

B.S.

Dear Big Sheba:

I'm the only "punk rocker" in my school and the other day when I was in the restroom, a bunch of jocks told me that I wasn't punk if I didn't drink a "Big Gulp" cup full of piss and tobacco spit. Well, by golly, they had one sittin' right there. I just drank that sucker straight down and sang a couple of verses of "Girls on Film" to boot. Am I the coolest or what?

Sting Beaver

P.S. Isn't my name cool too (I got it from my two idols)?

Dear Sting:

Holy Cow!! You are the coolest. But listen, tomorrow when you go school, clog up the urinals so that around lunch time they'll either half full or over-flowing. When all the jocks come in, just whip out your straw and go to town. Then run through a couple "Men at Work" numbers and be on your way. You'll definitely be a shoo-in for Mr. Punk Universe!

B.S.

Dear Big Sheba:

Are you that guy I see at all the X-Raves gigs with the neat wrap-arounds and the skinny tie on?

Your Secret Admirer

Dear Secret Admirer:

Yes, and I'm usually drinking a "Big Gulp" cup full of piss and tobacco spit.

B.S.

bing-bang

A DAY IN THE PARK

Hi you no good cocksuckin' fuck-head. That's right, its me the shithead puck sucker that stole your money and baby sister.

Point No. 1: You can have your money back but your sister was a real tease, so now I have her laying bone for my ten killer dobbies. There's not much left of her but I'll send her fuckin' skull or what's left of it.

Point No. 2: Your keys don't work in your fuckin door and I'm gonna kick your ass for changing the lock.


Point No. 3: I know where your momma lives so leave the fuckin' door open or your momma gets the big dick in the asshole, and last but not least get a haircut.



**One tough spot to be in when
you've got diarrhea.**

**→ H-J's #9 ISSUE DEDICATED TO ALL
BEACH PUNK WHO STEAL PINK
BICYCLES WITH BLUE TIRES ******


SOME GREAT STUFF I DID THIS SUMMER BY I. B. STRANGLER

WELL ~~FOR~~ FIRST OF ALL I STARTED THE SUMMER OFF ~~IN~~ REAL GOOD
BY SPENDING ALL MY RENT MONEY ON COCAINE. AND IT LOOKED
LIKE THIS  AND THEN I WAS SO COKE UP I COULDN'T FUCK
MY GIRLFRIEND ^{FRIEND} ~~AND~~ THAT LOOKED LIKE THIS



THEN FOR TWO WEEKS I DRANK BEER AND DIDN'T EAT ANY FOOD
AND I GOT BAD DIZZY SPELLS AND MY KIDNEYS HURT LIKE A HIGH COLONIC
AND THEN I GOT A BLADDER INFECTION AND IT LOOKED LIKE THIS
SO I ~~WENT~~ ^{WENT} TO THIS JAP DOCTOR AND HE STUCK HIS FINGER
UP MY ASS AND THAT LOOKED JUST LIKE THIS



SO I HAD TO STOP DRINKIN AND I DIDN'T WORK
~~FOR~~ A WHOLE MONTH BECAUSE MY BOSS IS A BIG FAT LAZY PIG
AND HE LOOKS LIKE THIS  AND BECAUSE I DIDN'T WORK I LOOKED
LIKE THIS



I GOT RID OF THE INFECTION AND COULD DRINK AGAIN.
BUT BY THEN I WAS SO CRAZY FROM LACK FOOD/ DRINK/
WORK/ MONEY THAT I STARTED DOING STUFF LIKE
PUTTING MY GIRLFRIENDS UNDERWEAR ON AND PASSING OUT THE
HOOD OF HER CAR. THAT LOOKED LIKE THIS.

THEN I GOT SO DEPRESSED I BEAT MY MEAT
TIMES A DAY FOR A WEEK. THAT LOOKED LIKE

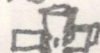


ABOUT FIVE
THIS.

THEN I STARTED TO FEEL BETTER AND I SAID TO MYSELF
WE'LL HAVE NONE OF THAT. I'M CURRENTLY ON ~~ANOTHER~~ ANOTHER
DRINKING ~~BINGE~~ BINGE AND I EVEN PUKED THE OTHER NIGHT
AND IT LOOKED LIKE THIS



I'M NOT GONNA ~~STOP~~ STOP
UNTIL I ~~THROW~~ THROW UP BLOOD
AND THAT'S GONNA LOOK LIKE
THIS.



I LOVE SUMMER.
THE END





Albert Fish



shouldn't have to beg for A little girl

Not so recently when the Angry Samoans played in Richmond, I had the pleasure of talking with lead guitarist Greg Turner about Albert Fish, Ed Gein, A Trail of Blood, cannibalism, California, Richard Metzger, VOM and the ANGRY SAMOANS. Unfortunately I didn't have my handy tape recorder like any other worthy hack would, so most of this is recalled from dusty, artery hardened memory.

Surely everyone who listens to the SAMOANS knows that at one point they changed their name to the QUEER PILLS and made an EP with "They Saved Hitler's Cock," "Time to Fuck" and another groover. But why? Well, Turner said that they had changed the name of the band and put on a phony pic on the sleeve to fool Rodney Biggenheimer into playing them on WROQ. Yet, at the last minute, somehow, an info leak breached the boys' devious plans and Rodney found out. (Hence the hot pink "ANGRY SAMOANS" stamp on the sleeve.) Then I inquired why the list of credits on the sleeve said that A. Fish was the bassist. Turner said that this was also a ploy to fool Rodney. Turner explained that A. Fish was short for Albert Fish, the mass murderer who stole a whole slew of children and then had eaten them. (He was the target of one of the biggest manhunts in his time.) There were two books written about it, one I can't remember and the other was A Trail of Blood. (He said that was the best one.) I asked him if he had ever heard of Ed Gein, the celebrated child molester, mass murderer, cannibal who supposedly had the largest collection of female heads in existence. Turner said, "yeah, but Albert Fish was far more diabolical in his modus operandi and was truly a great force to be reckoned with, Read the Book."

Next I asked him why they were playing the east coast and he said that on the west coast they are kind of the "black sheep," in that alot of, on the same key, popular bands won't have anything to do with them. I asked him what he thought of other bands, on a lesser key, and he responded by saying that they were a bunch of mumbo jumbo assholes who



GREG TURNER (cont'd) were so full of shit that they didn't know if they were coming or going. No names please. But the full of shit bands were 45 GRAVE, CHRISTIAN DEATH, and NERVOUS GENDER (with the exception of one member?). Then I asked if he had any idea of what ever became of a band called VOM with rock crit Richard Meltzer singing. Enthusiastically, he said that he was a member of VOM although his name, but yet his picture appears on the sleeve of "Saturday Night Pogo" in which VOM plays one song, "I'm in Love with Your Mom." He said that in the hey day of punk, VOM was the ultimate. He said people threw garbage, bottle, cans, books, spit, decomposed vegetables and other people at the stage. One time, he said, the band members went to a local slaughterhouse and got a bunch of mutton guts and bronco worms and threw them at the audience. It was great!! He explained that lead guitarist Dave Guzman used to do a trick with baking soda and vinegar to get a rabid dog effect. He said that while during a very Important VOM gig, Dave was so drunk that he put the vinegar in his mouth and then tried to scoop in the baking soda. As a result, he barfed on himself and his guitar, then, trying to wipe the wretch off, he hit a string on his axe, cut his finger, saw the blood and passed out (only to be hauled off the stage by the other band members.) So goes the Important VOM gig. I asked Turner whatever became of Meltzer but I dont remember what he said.

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by Larry Monoxide

ALRIGHT! I don't know what your excuse is for not being there, but I was. Where? at the 9:30 Club in Richmond, Saturday night to see the newest band around, MILLIONS OF DEAD PUNKS. After the show, I was lucky enough to interview the lead singer, Wade McKaye.

LM: What kind of band are you guys?

WM: Well, we're a new wave, hardcore, modern rock and fuck band. We want to reach every with our messages.

LM: What are your messages?

WM: We're straight edge. We're trying to say you can have a good time without drugs, violence or prejudice. We're against sexism, racism, political, economic and religious barriers. We say this in our originals.

LM: Why cover songs like "I Hate Nigger Cars," "My Girlfriend is a Homo," and "Do you Really Want to Stab Me?"

WM: Well we want to be accepted in alot of clubs to get exposure. If people think that we're just drunk punks tryin' to make a buck to buy drugs, they won't come see us. That's not the purpose of our band.

LM: Where are you playing next?

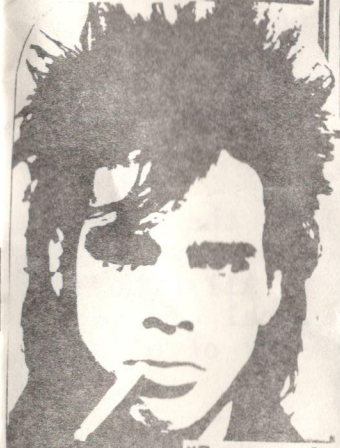
WM: We wanted to play at the ROCK AGAINST RACISM benefit but some right wing negro quadraplegic lesbian stole the tires off our can and buddy are we pissed, just 'cause our ideas conflict with those of amputees is no reason for them to rip off our tires.

went back to hell

HUBBUB:



Enema Training School—A young woman suffering from cramps visits a clinic to find out about enemas, and quickly learns the secrets of giving and receiving!



"For example, giving up a location to live in---having no home, no country, no possessions, less and less friends---to stay in a place only up to the point where you become comfortable in that place.

**SO SEZ
THE LATE
EVANGELIST,
NICHOLAS CAVE**

**HOT ENOUGH
TO TRY A
DOG'S BRAIN
XJB**

To be honest to
 give the best of
 the world to
 the people

In the easy life

**MOTHER,
COUNTRY,
and,**



Praise the Lord, Mutha

Obituaries

 : died of natural causes. Services will be held at Potter's Field in Portsmouth.

NICHOLAS BARTHOLEMEN FAUNTLEROY CAVE: found dead in the stret from natural causes and over-indulgence. Before being pronounced DOA, Nick muttered and screamed pow pow pow, hey hey hey. Hey!

CROSSES: services will be held for the desecration and death of many many crosses at Mt. Calvary Cemetary on March 31. All those attending are required to bring several crosses and and crucifixes for good and plenty of blasphemous, grave stompin' fun.

ROLAND S. HOWARD: found dead in his ultra-modern mega-expensive duplex townhouse from multiple stab wounds to his abdomen, thorax, scrotum, anus, lower mandibles, doo doo, ca ca, pee pee and cerebellum. Pronounced dead at the scene, Roland's boyfriend, "Ms. Lunch," had this to say, "Roland had many turmoils in his life and music, Tracy probably did it when he was drunk." NOTE: Tracy Pew has been awarded the Citizens Medal of Valor for extinguishing a public nuisance.

Gregory : a car crash night before last ended in the death of one of the most notorious figures in the new wave writing world. Yep, the body was mutilated beyond recognition and pronounced dead at the scene. The police officer at the time was asked for the cause of death and said it musta been God's will. Drug investigation pending.